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M O N O D Y  
O N T H E  
D E A T H  
O F  
Dr. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

K App

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam cari capitalis principis letum  
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pectus  
Vocem cum cithara dedit.  
Ergo Quiritium perpetuus sopor  
Urget? cui Pudor & Fides  
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas  
Quando ullum invenimus parentem  
Multis ille homines flebilis vocat.*

Her. Idyll. 24.

L O N D O N

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Russell-Street, Covent-Garden

MDCCLXXV

M O N O Y

H T A E

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE BRITISH MUSEUM  
LONDON  
1841

Nov. 1841



Nov. 1841

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T O  
E D M U N D B U R K E, Esq;

S I R,

I CANNOT but fancy that my situation, in this address to you, is somewhat similar to that of a timid respectful Lover, in the presence of his Mistress; where, the opinion he entertains of the object, and his solicitude to please, contribute to confuse his ideas, embarrass, and render him incapable of expressing himself to his own, or her satisfaction. Altho' I am conscious of the integrity of my intentions, and that my whole aim is only to pay respect where I think it due; I am at a great loss what to say, and imagine some, tho' I know not what apology, to be necessary for the presumption of laying the following trifle at your feet.

But what plea a man, obscure as I am, can have for aspiring to such a patronage as yours, is

A 2

indeed,

## DEDICATION.

indeed, a question not easy to be resolved; and I am much afraid, I shall (perhaps too deservedly) incur the imputation of vanity, with men of grave austere tempers; since, the best excuse I can expect from the most good natured, is, what they would give for the pusillanimity of a Coward, that being sensible of my own inability to withstand any attacks, those Monsters the Criticks might make, I was willing to shelter myself beneath an Achillean Shield, where I was sure not one would dare to approach without terror.

Accustomed, as you are, to the admiration of Men who are the boast of the present age, that of a Man unknown, can little expect, or deserve to be noticed; since he only falls in with the general opinion of the world. Indeed, notwithstanding it has ever been the privilege of young Poets, however unworthy, to lay claim to the protection of distinguished Characters, I who have so much to fear from the common Judgement of mankind, should scarce have made this appeal to yours, was I not well acquainted with that Candour which tempers its severity,

## D E D I C A T I O N.

severity, and assured that you will kindly receive this small tribute to the memory of a man, who gloried, whilst living, in calling himself your friend.

I confess, that he, who, without having any thing worthy attention to offer, obtrudes on the publick, can have but a wretched title to indulgence for his crude performances: and I fear it will hardly be thought sufficient, to alledge a long string of Pleas; viz. that this is my first transgression; that every man must be a bad Poet, before he can arrive to be a good one; that for want of leisure, I have not been so correct, or so early as I could wish in the publication; and that through a desire of being concealed, arising from a real diffidence, I have debarred myself of emendations, which the kindness of my friends would probably have found too often necessary to suggest; so that it comes abroad with its primitive imperfections on its head. Altho' I care not what the world may allow to such excuses; I am still solicitous to have you judge favourably of my offering, and to think that the

Author

## DEDICATION.

Author would, of all men, studiously avoid impertinence to you, even tho' he speaks under a mask.

Perhaps, it may not be amiss, just to mention, that Dr. Goldsmith had really intentions, similar to those I put in his mouth in the beginning of the following Poem; as I have often heard him declare his resolution of leaving the Town. He was preparing to carry his scheme of retirement to the Country, into execution, when he was attacked by that illness, which proved fatal to him: he seemed to have it very much at heart; and about three weeks before his death, told me, that he had with that design sold his right to Chambers he held in the Temple. But, to these intentions of your deceased friend, you can be no stranger: I have too long trespassed on your patience: permit me to subscribe myself,

Your Admirer, and

Obliged humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

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M O N O D Y  
O N T H E  
D E A T H  
O F

Dr. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

**D**ARK as the night, which now in darkest robe  
Ascend her zenith, o'er the silent globe  
Sad melancholy wakes, awhile to tread  
With solemn step, the mansions of the dead:  
Led by her hand, o'er this yet recent shrine  
I sorrowing bend; and here essay to twine  
The tributary wreath of laureate bloom,  
With artless hands, to deck a poet's tomb;  
The tomb where Goldsmith sleeps. Fond hopes, adieu!  
No more your airy dreams shall mock my view:

B

Here

Here will I learn ambition to controul,  
 And each aspiring passion of the soul:  
 E'en now, methinks, his well known voice I hear,  
 When late he meditated flight from care,  
 When as imagination fondly bled  
 To scenes of sweet retirement, thus he cried.

" Ye splendid fabricks, palaces, and towers,  
 " Where dissipation leads the giddy hours,  
 " Where pomp, disease, and knavery reside,  
 " And folly bends the knee to wealthy pride,  
 " Where luxury's purveyors learn to rise,  
 " And worth, to want a prey, unfriended dies,  
 " Where warbling Eunuchs glitter in brocade,  
 " And hapless Poets toil for scanty bread;  
 " Farewell! to other scenes I turn my eyes,  
 " Embosom'd in the vale where Auburn lies,  
 " Deserted Auburn, those now ruin'd glades,  
 " Forlorn, yet ever dear and honour'd shades.  
 " There tho' the Hamlet boasts no smiling train,  
 " Nor sportful pastime circling on the plain;  
 " No

" No needy villains proul around for prey,  
 " No slanderers, no sycophants betray;  
 " No gaudy foplings scornfully deride  
 " The swain, whose humble pipe is all his pride;  
 " There will I fly to seek that soft repose,  
 " Which solitude contemplative bestows:  
 " Yet, oh fond hope! perchance there still remains  
 " One lingering friend behind, to bless the plains;  
 " Some Hermit of the dale, inshrined in ease,  
 " Long lost companion of my youthful days;  
 " With whose sweet converse in his social bower,  
 " I oft may chide away some vacant hour;  
 " To whose pure sympathy, I may impart,  
 " Each latent grief, that labours at my heart,  
 " Whate'er I felt, and what I saw relate,  
 " The sholes of luxury, the wrecks of state;  
 " Those busy scenes, where science waken in vain,  
 " In which I shared, ah! ne'er to share again.  
 " But whence that pang? does nature now rebel?  
 " Why falters out my tongue the word farewell?

" Ye friends! who long have witness'd to my toil,  
 " And seen me ploughing in a thankless soil,  
 " Whose partial tenderness hush'd every pain,  
 " Whose approbation made my bosom vain:  
 " 'Tis you, to whom my soul divided hies  
 " With fond regret, and half unwilling flies,  
 " Sighs forth her parting wishes to the wind,  
 " And lingering leaves her better half behind.  
 " Can I forget the intercourse I shar'd,  
 " What friendship cherish'd, and what zeal endear'd?  
 " Alas! remembrance still must turn to you,  
 " And to my latest hour, protract the long adieu.  
 " Amid the wood lands, wheresoe'er I rove,  
 " The plain, or secret covert of the grove,  
 " Imagination shall supply her store  
 " Of painful bliss, and what she can restore;  
 " Shall strew each lonely path with flowrets gay,  
 " And wide as is her boundless empire stray,  
 " On eagle pinions traverse earth, and skies,  
 " And bid the lost and distant objects rise.

" Here,

" Here, where encircled o'er the sloping land  
 " Woods rise on woods, shall Aristotle stand;  
 " Lyceum round the godlike man rejoice,  
 " And bow with reverence to wisdom's voice.  
 " There, spreading oaks shall arch the vaulted dome,  
 " The Champion, there, of liberty, and Rome,  
 " In attick eloquence shall thunder laws,  
 " And uncorrupted senates shout applause.  
 " Not more extatic visions rapt the soul  
 " Of Numa, when to midnight grotts he stole, —  
 " And learnt his lore, from virtue's mouth refin'd,  
 " To fetter vice, and harmonize mankind.  
 " Now stretch'd at ease beside some fav'rite stream,  
 " Of beauty, and enchantment will I dream;  
 " Elysium, seats of art, and laurels won,  
 " The Graces three, and \* Japhet's fabled son:  
 " Whilst Angelo shall wave the mystic rod,  
 " And see a new creation wait his nod;  
 " Prescribe his bounds to Time's remorseless power,  
 " And, to my arms, my absent friends restore,

Place

\* Prometheus.

" Place me amidst the group, each well known face,  
 " The sons of science, lords of human race;  
 " And as oblivion sinks at his command,  
 " Nature shall rise more finish'd from his hand.  
 " Thus some Magician fraught with potent skill,  
 " Transforms, and moulds each varied mass at will;  
 " Calls animated forms of wonderous birth,  
 " Cadmean offspring, from the teeming earth,  
 " Uncears the ponderous tombs, the realms of night,  
 " And calls their cold inhabitants to light;  
 " Or, as he traverses a dreary scene,  
 " Bids every sweet of nature there convene,  
 " Huge mountains skirted round with wavy woods,  
 " The shrub deckt lawns, and silver sprinkled floods,  
 " Whilst flowrets spring around the smiling land,  
 " And follow on the traces of his wand.  
 " Such prospects, lovely Auburn! then, be thine;  
 " And what thou canst of bliss impart be mine:  
 " Amid thy humble shades, in tranquil ease,  
 " Grant me to pass the remnant of my days.  
 " Unfetter'd

" Unsetter'd from the toil of wretched gain,  
 " My raptur'd muse shall pour her noblest strain,  
 " Within her native bowers the notes prolong,  
 " And, grateful, meditate her latest song.  
 " Thus, as adown the slope of life I bend,  
 " And move, resign'd, to meet my latter end,  
 " Each worldly wish, each worldly care repress,  
 " A self approving heart alone possess,  
 " Content, to bounteous heaven I'll leave the rest."

Thus, spoke the Bard: but not one friendly power,  
 With nod assentive crown'd the parting hour;  
 No eastern meteor glar'd beneath the sky,  
 No dextral omen; Nature heav'd a sigh  
 Prophetic of the dire impending blow,  
 The presage of her loss, and Britain's woe.  
 Already portion'd, unrelenting Fate  
 Had made a pause upon the number'd date;  
 Behind, stood Death, too horrible for sight,  
 In darkness clad, expectant, prun'd for flight;  
 Pleas'd

Pleas'd at the word, the shapeless monster sped,  
 On eager message to the humble shed,  
 Where wrapt by soft poetic Visions round,  
 Sweet slumbering, Fancy's darling son he found.  
 At his approach the filken pinion'd train  
 Affrighted, mount aloft, and quit the brain;  
 Which late they fann'd: now other scenes than dales  
 Of woody pride, succeed, or flow'ry vales;  
 As when a sudden tempest veils the sky,  
 Before serene, and streamy lightnings fly;  
 The prospect shifts, and pithy volumes roll,  
 Along the drear expanse, from pole to pole;  
 Terrific horrors all the void invest,  
 Whilst the Archspectre issues forth confest.  
 The Bard beholds him beckon to the tomb  
 Of yawning night, eternity's dread womb;  
 In vain attempts to fly, th' impassive air  
 Retards his steps, and yields him to despair,  
 He feels a gripe that thrills thro' ev'ry vein,  
 And panting struggles in the fatal chain.

Here

Here paus'd the fell Destroyer to survey  
 The pride, the boast of man, his destin'd prey:  
 Prepared to strike, he pois'd aloft the dart,  
 And plung'd the steel in Virtue's bleeding heart;  
 Abhorrent, back the springs of life rebound,  
 And leave on nature's face a grisly wound,  
 A wound enroll'd among Britannia's woes,  
 That ages yet to follow, cannot close.

Oh, Goldsmith! how shall sorrow now essay  
 To murmur out her slow incondite lay?  
 In what sad accents mourn the luckless hour,  
 That yielded thee to unrelenting power;  
 Thee, the proud boast, of all the tuneful train  
 That sweep the lyre, or swell the polish'd strain?  
 Much honour'd Bard! if my untutor'd verse  
 Could pay a tribute, worthy of thy hearse,  
 With fearless hands I'd build the fane of praise,  
 And boldly strew the never fading bays.

But, ah! with thee my guardian Genius fled,  
 And pillow'd in thy tomb his silent head:  
 Pain'd Memory alone behind remains,  
 And pensive stalks the solitary plains,  
 Rich in her sorrows, honours without art,  
 She pays in tears, redundant from the heart.  
 And say, what boots it o'er thy hallow'd dust  
 To heap the graven pile, or laurel'd bust;  
 Since by thy hands already rais'd on high,  
 We see a fabrick tow'ring to the sky;  
 Where hand and hand with time, the sacred lore  
 Shall travel on, till nature is no more?

Illustrious Bard! is this thy sad adieu,  
 Are these the prospects bright'ning to the view,  
 Such the expected solace of thy years,  
 Thy blest retirement from a world of cares?  
 Mourn, mourn the sad reverse, ye shady hills,  
 Ye vales of Auburn, and ye falling rills!

Ah,

Ah, could not Science ward the cruel blow,  
 And snatch her darling from the fates below?  
 Could that ethereal spark of vital fire,  
 Sink down to naught, and in the dust expire?  
 Must Virtue, undistinguish'd, yield her breath,  
 And glut the all devouring maw of death?  
 Remorseless Power! no other could'st thou find,  
 Amidst the various crouds, that swell mankind?  
 No Miser bending o'er his sordid ore,  
 No Atheist, that spreads his venom'd store?  
 None, but the glory of a beggar'd age,  
 To mark the annals of thy bloody page?  
 Thee, Tyrant! hadst thou waked his slumbering lyre,  
 He would have sooth'd, and charm'd away thy ire;  
 With sweeter numbers, than the dulcet strain  
 That wrapt in wonders Pluto's gloomy reign,  
 He would have turn'd aside the lifted spear,  
 And taught thy orbs to drop the molten tear.

Fall thus the hopes of man ; shall Merit claim  
 No sublunary crown besides a name?  
 Where vanish'd all those groves, and happy bowers,  
 That fond imagination strew'd with flowers?  
 Is there, on earth below, no destin'd spot,  
 Where certain happiness is Virtues lot,  
 Where labour terminates in blissful rest,  
 And Age unmock'd sits down securely blest?  
 Why ventures Science in th' unfathom'd deep  
 Of letter'd lore, or why the weary steep  
 Does proud Ambition climb; since Death's at will  
 Surmounts all bounds, and traverses our skill;  
 Treads on the footsteps of unfinish'd toil,  
 And strews his path with the illustrious spoil;  
 And e'er the travell'd volume of renown,  
 Matures a name, enrolls it as his own?

Ah! what avails it o'er the sacred head,  
 That wreaths of never fading laurels spread,

Since

Since he, for whom they wore their choicest bloom,  
 Is sunk for ever to an early tomb?  
 Goldsmith, the sweetest shepherd of the plain,  
 Whose pipe in rapture held the list'ning swain,  
 Whilst all the rustick nymphs with wonder hung,  
 On the soft numbers of his tuneful tongue;  
 And all the feather'd Soothers of the spray  
 In silence hush'd, forget their thrilling lay.  
 Since he is dead, on whose melodious song  
 Sequester'd Echo paus'd her wilds among,  
 Whom passing Winds attentive stoop'd to hear,  
 And furl'd their pinions in the mid career,  
 Sweet was his voice, and from the oozy beds  
 Of Thames, the Naiads rais'd their dropping heads  
 To catch the sound; oft sought the spangled cave,  
 Where once \* Musæus charm'd the lucid wave;  
 And fondly deeming him, they long had mourn'd,  
 From bowers elysian, to his grot return'd,  
 With joy elate, along the sloping banks,  
 Tripp'd o'er the spangled sand, in azure ranks.

Sweet

Sweet were his notes, as e'er down his shore  
 With woody verdure pendant, Mincius bore:  
 Or e'er were heard from muses harp inspir'd,  
 On Pindus top, with lofty pines attir'd:  
 Or Dorian reed, that 'mid Sicilia's shades,  
 Drew forth the Hamadryads from their glades,  
 When Fawns, and shaggy Satyrs crouding round,  
 Grinn'd their applause, and frolick'd at the sound.

Now let dark Envy to her ragged rocks  
 Retire content, and smoothe her snaky locks.  
 Let Ignorance in triumph o'er the dead,  
 From Lethe's pool her drowsy myriads lead.  
 Now issue forth ye scribbling motley race;  
 Ye taudry wittings deckt in tarnish'd lace.  
 Aspire to fame, ye sons of careless rhyme,  
 Who reel in verse, and fancy that you climb,  
 Eccentrically dull; and you ye croud,  
 In affectation turgid, minstrels loud,

Who

Who tottering with loads of antique phrase,  
 Pursue simplicity within a maze;  
 Or bind your temples with barbaric pride,  
 And ape in tortur'd strut the buskin'd stride.  
 Now like the frantic Thyades of yore,  
 Sing evohe! and swell the hideous roar,  
 Orpheus is gone, and harmony's no more!  
 Mute is the voice that late so sweetly sung,  
 His pipe is broken, and his lyre unstrung;  
 Low in the earth the tuneful bard is laid,  
 And the green turf now blossoms o'er his head.

Oh, say, ye sacred nine! who now remains  
 To strike the lyre on Britain's lonely plains?  
 Why were ye absent in that fatal day,  
 When Goldsmith sunk to fell disease a prey?  
 What rites on distant climes did ye prepare,  
 Unmindful of your charge your darling care;  
 What infant bard, with honey dropping lip,  
 Did ye in Aganippe's fountain dip?

Or

Or tripp'd ye then along the \* Danube's shores,  
 Where proud Vienna views his copious stores?  
 Or trimm'd your smiling brows with wanton bays,  
 Where the loud † Rhone his rapid wave displays?  
 How will ye now compensate for the hour  
 That swept away the pride of Auburn's bower?  
 Say, do ye oft around his tomb repair,  
 To vent your grief, and drop the silent tear?  
 For, ah! if yet ye have not fled this isle,  
 Haply you then may deign with me awhile  
 To pour your plaints; and kindly lend your aid  
 To deck the grave, where your lov'd bard is laid.

Bring hither ev'ry flower of fragrant bloom,  
 And strew the drooping violets o'er his tomb.  
 Goldsmith is gone, whom mental grace refin'd,  
 At once the friend of virtue, and mankind.  
 Great nature spread her bounties at his feet,  
 Exalted was his soul, his converse sweet.

Tho'

• Where Metastasio lives.

† The Rhone runs near the place of Voltaire's residence.

Tho' Science there had heap'd her fairest store,  
 No haughty pedantry displayed the lore:  
 Instructive without pride, or labour'd art,  
 His precepts flow'd the emblems of his heart.  
 Tho' simple, witty; tho' polite, sincere;  
 By Knaves, and Coxcombs only found severe.  
 Unskill'd was he his feelings to disguise,  
 Too proud for flattery, too meek to rise.  
 The bosom friend of unsuspicious ease,  
 Pleasing, unconscious of his power to please.  
 From him the momentary fancy broke,  
 And expectation prais'd him e'er he spoke

Bring hither ev'ry flower of fragrant bloom,  
 And strew sweet Amaranthus o'er his tomb.  
 What now shall painful memory review,  
 Or how shall I the mournful theme pursue?  
 Witness, ye shepherds! what ye oft have shar'd,  
 What kind benevolence the man endear'd:

D

Witness,

Witness, ye sons of want! for ye can tell,  
 What blessings from his ample bounty fell.  
 No wealth had he; yet lib'ral, tho' poor,  
 He shar'd with penury the scanty store:  
 Wretches in vain n'er made their misery known,  
 He gave, and in their wants, forgot his own.

Here o'er his grave the flow'ry Jess' mine strew,  
 With Roses freshen'd from the morning dew.  
 To earth's envelop'd mansions now consign'd  
 He sleeps, and leaves in sorrow half mankind.  
 All Virtue droops: the swains their mirth forego,  
 And rustic sports give place to silent woe;  
 The tearful virgin hangs her pensive head,  
 And ev'ry count'nance speaks of Goldsmith dead.  
 And well you may lament, fond, artless train!  
 For never will you see his peer again.  
 But, ah! that tender friend, whom you deplore,  
 No sorrow can revive, no tears restore,  
 Wail as you list, he sleeps to wake no more.

Here

Here o'er his tomb the flow'ry Jess' mine strew,  
 With Roses freshen'd from the morning dew.  
 What tho' our plaintive murmurs flow in vain,  
 Tho' memory but swells the hoard of pain?  
 Hence, weak Philosophy! that wouldst repress  
 The rising throb, and chide away distress:  
 Not all the boastful pedantry of schools,  
 Nor all the Stoicks pomp of specious rules,  
 Shall call the blush upon one rising sigh,  
 Or check the friendly tribute of the eye:  
 Fit lesson for the torpid cloyster'd Drone,  
 To tutor feelings, that were ne'er his own,  
 Who unendear'd to ev'ry noble tie,  
 Has learnt in pride to quench humanity.  
 Too soon, alas! untaught, reflection hies  
 To other scenes, where other cares arise;  
 Too soon remembrance follows on behind  
 To Virtue's tomb, and quits the shifting mind.  
 But o'er the earth, where Goldsmith's relics sleep,  
 Let me in sorrow wrapt, my vigils keep;

And see some nobler muse than mine, adorn  
With never fading wreaths his laureate urn.

Here bring the Myrtle green, the mantling Bays,  
And o'er his tomb poetic Trophies raise.

\* High, above *alpine solitudes* sublime,  
He soars secure, and seeks a fairer clime.  
Like some proud Eagle on a mountain's brow  
Awhile he tow'r'd, and cast his eye below;  
In hopes some real Happiness to find,  
Some Bliss yet unalloy'd among mankind;  
Then spurn'd aloft, to heaven's portal flew  
A welcome guest, and bad the world adieu.

Here bring the Myrtle green, the mantling Bays,  
And o'er his tomb poetic Trophies raise.

He, who e'er while with philosophic eye,  
Scann'd Nature's treasure, and her social tie;

Weigh'd

\* See the Traveller.

Weigh'd *different good, or ill to nations given*  
 And in the balance found each portion even;  
 [Since, tho' Egyptia boasts no vernal showers,  
 That round Italia, call the blushing flowers;  
 Yet from the Nile the genial store's supplied,  
 When Abyssinia's summits swell the tide:  
 Since here tho' wild Tornadoes threat the skies,  
 There the dread Siroc, or the Saniel flies:]  
 He, now exalted treads the realms above,  
 Where worlds immense on worlds contentral move;  
 And stretching wide his prospect unconfin'd,  
 Discerns how all their blessings are combin'd,  
 Whether they bask within the scorching glare,  
 Or trail remote in frost, their dark career.  
 Now soars where Mercury on wings of fire,  
 Flies, unattended, in his rapid gyre:  
 Or where with epicycled Orbs around,  
 Slow Saturn wheels, begirt, the drear profound:  
 And views, as Systems above Systems roll,  
 The vast Oeconomy that guides the whole.

Here

Here strew the laurel Chaplets, hither bring  
 The earliest honours of the blooming spring.  
 Say, thou bright Spirit! dost thou deign to bend  
 Thy radiant eyes below, and here descend  
 To visit those whom thou hast left behind,  
 And trace the weary mazes of mankind?  
 Say, do thy sympathetic sorrows fall  
 To see the board of human bliss so small:  
 Or does thy soul each wandering Hope at rest,  
 Rejoice at last in viewing Mortals blest?  
 In all the busy walks of Life, shall Man  
 Extend his own, beyond his fellows span?  
 Can he, who plods with science through the Chain,  
 Of social bliss, diffuse a various reign,  
 O'er space already trod; and turn the mind  
 To gather up each link he left behind;  
 Or shifting place, still measures he no more,  
 And drops for new, some link possess'd before?  
 As when some Vessel ploughs her briny way,  
 To distant climes, along the trackless sea;

Still

Still as the Prow each adverse billow braves,  
 Its Furrow closes with the parting waves;  
 Still tho' she traverses the aqueous round,  
 An equal concave is her prospect's bound.  
 Why, then, should *philosophic* pride disdain,  
 That Joy, which makes each *humbler* bosom vain?  
 Or shares he less, who shuns th' ambitious toil  
 Of plucking happiness from Learning's soil;  
 Nor idly lur'd, a distant good pursues,  
 'Till Death steps in, and intercepts his views;  
 'Till Age strips off the glitt'ring dress it wore,  
 And those he wish'd to share it, are no more;  
 Nor from the hoard concentr'd in his breast,  
 Learns to derive his Joys, and be self blest:  
 But gathers sweets, whilst yet within his pow'r,  
 And clasps the blessing of the present hour?  
 Thou gentle Spirit! haply now thy eye  
 Wakes o'er the Mansions, where thy relics lie,  
 And smiles, complacent, as it round surveys  
 The humble tribute veneration pays.

Here

Here strew the laurel wreaths, and hither bring  
 The earliest honours of the blooming Spring.  
 O thou! beneath whose guidance, and whose skill,  
 I fondly hop'd to climb the sacred hill  
 Of steep Parnassus, and from thence aspire  
 To snatch some portion of celestial fire:  
 Too early lost, e'er yet I durst essay  
 To tempt with infant step, the weary way:  
 Deign, now, thy secret influence to impart,  
 And still correct, and aid a feeble heart,  
 Teach me the path of virtue to explore,  
 And guide thro' mazes thou hast trod before,  
 Instruct me in her praise like thee to sing,  
 And sweep with manly strength the sounding string.  
 But oh! whene'er for flatt'ry's servile hire,  
 I meanly stoop to prostitute the lyre,  
 Or, loosely vile, contrive the luring strain,  
 To add some thoughtless wretch to vices train;  
 Let torpid dullness o'er my fancy spread,  
 And not one Laurel bloom to crown my head.

Here

Here to this tomb, ye tuneful Muses! bring  
The earliest Incense of the fragrant Spring.

Here, as the pendant Umbrage nods above,

And twining Myrtles croud into a Grove;

A chaster Fount than Helicon shall flow,

And spread around its mirror'd wave below.

Here, future Bards shall quaff inspiring streams,

And on the margin wait poetic dreams.

No impious wretch with step profane, and rude,

Shall dare within these awful shades intrude.

No profligate shall e'er presume to sip

The wavy crystal, with unhallowed lip.

Far be the converse of the busy croud,

The sons of noisy Mirth, and riot loud;

No sound shall wake the stillness of the bower,

Save, where, the soother of the pensive hour,

Sweet Philomel responsive to the strains,

Of some soft lyre, melodiously complains.

Oft whilst such music lulls the vacant ear,

I'll turn to drop the tributary tear,

And oft with musing Melancholy tread

Along the green, where Britain's bard is laid.

E

Here

Here let us cease the laureate Wreaths to strew,  
 And bid awhile the mournful theme adieu.  
 Ye Rocks, and Mountains far from ev'ry eye,  
 Sequester'd: solitudes, to you I fly!  
 Receive me early to your blest retreats,  
 Far from the curse that on Ambition waits:  
 With you, I'll lull each idle wish to rest,  
 And learn, tho' poor, to think myself still blest.  
 For, ah! what now remains since he is fled,  
 Whose friendly hand my footsteps shou'd have led.  
 What hope for me, since he on whose sweet tongue  
 The softest accents of the Muses hung,  
 Drew on in penury his toilsome days,  
 And reap'd no recompence but empty praise?  
 Farewell ye Nymphs Pierian, and ye Strains  
 Of plaintive woe: tho' much unsung remains.  
 Here let us cease our laureate wreaths to strew,  
 Goldsmith, accept our sorrow's sad Adieu.

H. 7. 49

F I N I S.

## E R R A T A.

Page 5. for Prometheas, read Prometheus.

Page 8. for pithy, read pitchy.

Page 12. for siace Death's, read since Death.